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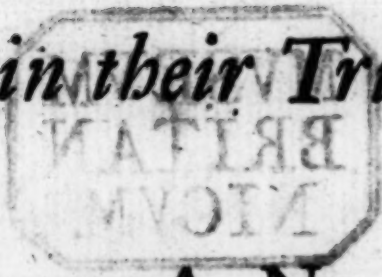
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Rebellion Display'd:

OR,

Our PRESENT  
DISTRACTIONS

Set forth in their True LIGHT.



AND

Heroick POEM.

~~~~~

*En quò Discordia Cives  
Perduxit Miseros -----*

~~~~~

By E. SETTLE.

~~~~~

L O N D O N,

Printed for the AUTHOR, 1715.



Exhibition Display

PRESENT

DISTINCTIONS



to the British Museum  
from the collection of  
the Hon. the Earl of

x

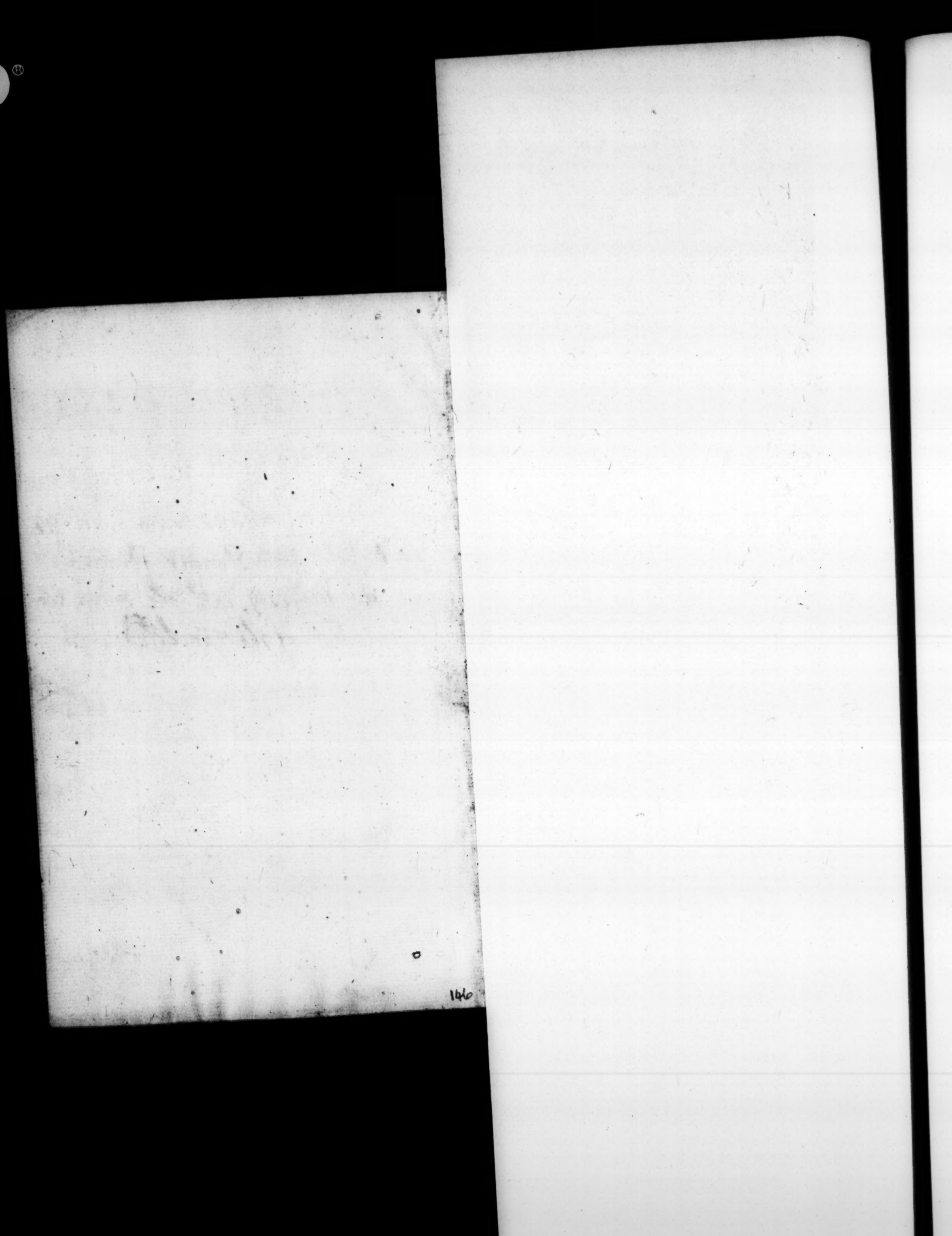
S<sup>r</sup>

Give me leave to congratulate  
You, to your new Honour received  
from His Majesty, with the humble  
Presentation of the Enclosed from,  
S<sup>r</sup>

Y<sup>o</sup> most Obedient  
S<sup>r</sup>

F. Settle









## Rebellion Display'd:

O R,

*Our present* **DISTRACTIONS**

Set forth in their True **LIGHT**.



S thro' that Lordliest of the Creatures, MAN,  
That beauteous Structure, Heaven's own Image  
ran,

Enlightning REASON that bright Form bestow'd,  
From hence alone the Copy of a GOD:  
Sure that *Divine Formation* that so shin'd  
In Man's Original should rule Mankind.

No, with mad Passions driven, wild and untam'd,  
We have her sacred Government disclaim'd.

B

*Reason,*



Reason, in her unerring Channel, knows  
 No giddy Fluctuations, Ebbs nor Flows.  
 But we, our Souls meer *Proteuses*, so chang'd,  
 So volatile, are from our selves estrang'd.  
 Look back no farther then, when fix'd above,  
 The late *Enthusiastick* JEHU drove:  
 Startled to see how furiously he rode,  
 The Champions of their Altars, and their God,  
 Ev'n th' hottest Zealots of our Church, before,  
 To drive out *Rome*, call'd the great ORANGE o'er.  
 'Twas thus they their *Deliverer's* Triumph sung.  
 But, oh! with what *Tarantula* now stung,  
 Does their Infatuation ev'n call o'er  
 T' enthrone that *Rome* which they expell'd before.  
 Nor let them flatter their weak Heads in vain,  
 That the late Shipwracks of a *Popish* Reign,  
 Shall stand a Sea-mark, a fore-warning Shock,  
 From splitting on his Predecessor's Rock.  
 Shou'd both his own, by suff'ring Heav'n decreed,  
 And his blind Champions Hopes, so far succeed,  
 As thro' a Sea of Blood, that Price alone,  
 To mount their dear-bought *Dagon* to a Throne:

What



What if, more safely *Rome's* high Hopes to build,  
 Ev'n his permitting Conscience-drivers yield,  
 That Clemency, Indulgence, Freedom, Law,  
 Should his Triumphant British Chariot draw:  
 Shall this fair Mask the *ALBION*-Dangers hush?  
 No, let the World at that weak Phantom blush.  
 Not like the Second *JAMES* declining Age,  
 He'd bring warm *Youth* to the Imperial Stage.  
 What cou'd we look for then but a long Race  
 Of *Romish* Successors till Time's last Glass.  
 And if the Politick *Rome*, more Wit now taught  
 From her late rapid Haste, that fatal Fault,  
 Shall fit content, her rising Tow'rs t' ensure,  
 That slow Gradations shall her Work secure;  
 Content to see (her Cause less madly push'd)  
 Our Altars mouldring Inch by Inch to Dust;  
 To plant the *Acorn* shall his Reign suffice;  
 The spreading *Oak*, an Ages Growth, shall rise.  
 And thus our doom'd *Posterity* alone  
 Beneath th' inevitable Yoke shall groan.  
 Can our false Patriots then, with this plain View,  
 In Rebel Arms. (they're all *Pretenders* too).

Under



Under that specious Name [our Church immur'd  
In Walls of Safety, and our Laws secur'd]  
Push that dark Cause so desp'rate and forlorn,  
T' enslaving their whole Race ev'n yet unborn.

As these sure Ruins would our Annals fill:  
To make their Popling Purchase dearer still;  
Oh think what 'tis he owes his Host, th' Account  
To which his costly Nursing Scores shall mount!  
And if our drain'd Exchequers cou'd not hold  
To pay that frightful Debt in pondrous Gold,  
BRITAIN, a Gallick Pensioner at best,  
Service and Vassalage should pay the rest.  
No doubt assisted too by Gallick Pow'rs  
To GEORGE's Scepter his Ambition tow'rs.  
Shou'd He, (forbid it Heav'n!) rais'd by such Swords  
Ascend the Throne: Beneath our new French Lords,  
Adieu t' our Altars, Liberties and Laws,  
When ALBION such inglorious Fetters draws.  
What ghastly Horrors t' a true English Birth  
Does ev'n this visionary Scene set forth!  
No, rowze ye freeborn BRITONS, rowze and turn  
To your Third EDWARD's and Fifth HENRY's Urn.

Let



**Rebellion Display'd.**

7

Let ev'n those **HEROES** dead Your Souls inspire  
With that true British animating Fire,  
To scorn so poor a Yoke, and boldly brave,  
From such Invaders your dear *Country* save.

Tremendous is the View of this black Scene:  
And, lo, the Movers of the dark Machine,  
*Steel'd* Fronts, *scar'd* Consciences, this Work began;  
Whilst hideous **Perjury** first laid the Plan;  
*Abjurers*, Lordly ones, here led the Van.  
When Force, Constraint, or perhaps want of Bread  
To a false Oath does some poor Miscreant lead,  
The Wretch some small Apology may plead.  
High Heads to *Fortune* and to *Honours* born,  
When they for a gay Plume their Brows t' adorn,  
Can buy *Court Favours* at a Price so high  
As ev'n premeditated **Perjury**;  
Nay, and their *Treasonable* Game to play,  
Can hail, like *Judas*, where they wou'd betray;  
In' stooping to that fordid Perjurer,  
'Tis *volunteer* Damnation that swears here.

The fam'd *Arch-Rebel* who in Heav'n first rode  
In hostile Arms against his *Sovereign* GOD;

C

Whose



Whose scourg'd Ambition, as his Guilt's just Fire,  
 First lighted up the whole infernal Fire;  
 Once the bright Leader of a shining Host;  
 He took no *Oaths* to mount to his high Post;  
 His Sword against no *sworn* Allegiance drew,  
 At least those Bonds he never broke: And tho'  
 The same *Ingrate* not the same *Perjur'd* too.  
 Earth, what's thy shameful Nursery of Sons,  
 That ev'n their own great *Precedent* out-runs:  
 Whilst the *Apostate* Angels when they fell,  
 Plung'd ev'n less bloated down to their Original Hell.

When *Guido Faulks* with his Dark-lantern Mates  
 Resolv'd at one dire Blast to seal the Fates  
 Of the then *British* MAJESTY, with all  
 His PATRIOT-Heads, mixt in one common Fall;  
 Ev'n those black Miscreants acted far below  
 The Spirit animates our *Rebel* Crew.  
 Were they not *Romans* all? Had they not seen,  
 In the preceding Reign, by *Albion's* Queen,  
 The fair *ELIZA*, their Dominion clos'd;  
 Their *Rome*, their *Altars*, and their *Pope* depos'd?

Some



Some Shadow of Exile that Vengeance pleads  
That pours Destruction on its own Destroyers Heads.

But the flagitious Race that now Rebel,  
With an Ingratitude more black than Hell;  
And warm'd with more than an infernal Fire,  
Against their best Preserver's Life conspire;  
The GUARDIAN of their Temples, Liberties,  
All a true Briton should most dearly Prize;  
Resolv'd to make their bleeding Country groan,  
And ev'n their sworn Destroyer to Enthrone.

Who's that Destroyer? Not their dear Third James!  
His Homagers have found him gentler Names;  
Our CHURCH's surest Champion; such the Beams  
Of Glory gild his Brow! --- Dreams, monstrous Dreams!  
Who, but Rome, plum'd his Crest; by Rome alone  
His Standard's Consecration all her own.  
And as the Papal Prayers and Papal Purse,  
Have sent him forth! Would Rome such Sums disburse,  
Sums she has own'd so spent, if spent alone  
To mount Our FAITH's Defender, not her Own?

Nay, as his fond Devotes have made him shine,  
Deck'd with scarce less than Attributes Divine;

Great



Great, Good and Just, those Titles all his own,  
 Rich with each Virtue worthy of a Throne;  
 Shou'd He by Rome's kind Aid with Empire blest,  
 To the All-gracious Foundress of that Feast,  
 Turn that perfidious Renegade, t' adopt  
 Our Church's Interest, her own all dropt,  
 Such his Return to Favours of that Height;  
 Paint him a Devil, if that vile Ingrate.

Their Trust thus lodg'd in this exalted Head,  
 And Hopes all from his Fount of Honour fed,  
 To call such Zealots Franticks, that's too faint  
 A Name for Madness of so deep a Taint.

Meer Retrogrades from Sense, Souls so deprav'd,  
 Wit, Reason, all to their dark Cause enslav'd.

Oh ALBION, what malignant Planet rules;  
 Thy Sons debas'd below the Class of Fools,  
 Such Zealots for their Church, and yet such Popish Tools?

'Tis true, their wretched Cause makes some Pretence,  
 Right Indefeasible ----- that weak Defence!

For this through Blood and Perjury they run  
 At once both to undo and be undone:



A Right, which their hot Zealots Preach so much  
 To make it ev'n Damnation but to touch:  
 A Right, which stretch'd to its extensive Reign,  
 Waited with all its *Passive Vassal* Train,  
 Whence took it this strong Root? Of old we read,  
 When GOD, who long himself his *Israel* led,  
 Had to their Pray'rs given 'em a Sovereign Head:  
 Had that direct Descent, preach'd up so dear  
 To Heav'n it self, took its Original here,  
 Not GOD's lov'd *David* had succeeded *Saul*:  
 No; *Jonathan* had claim'd the Rightful Call.

Nay, our *Aspirer's* warmest Champion, *France*,  
 On no such Basis of Inheritance  
 Has fix'd her Throne. Her *Female Veins* she bars.  
 And why *BRITANNIA* not her *Romish Heirs*?  
 Shall *FRANCE* her Oracles from *Sala's Banks*,  
 Given from the Mouths of her Original *Franks*,  
 Bear such a lasting Sanction in her own  
*Restrain'd Descent* of her imperial Throne?  
 And shall *BRITANNIA*, who has sometimes giv'n  
 Ev'n *Europe Laws*, so very low be driven,

D

As



As barr'd to stamp her own; ev'n when she calls  
 Her Delphick Heads to her St. Stephen's Walls  
 In her sublimest Legislative Sphere  
 Her high Decretals all but Sound and Air!  
 Nay, let FRANCE look yet nearer to her own  
 Late Hugonote Fourth Henry's Claim to her Throne  
 Stood she not Arm'd to stop his Entry,  
 From any solemn Sanction, legal Bar,  
 Ah no; from a Religious Cry alone  
 By her *Rebellious Arm* barr'd from her Throne;  
 Nor suffer'd for his Birth-right to compound,  
 Till by his *Romish Reconcilement* Crown'd.

Had France here half the Reason of our Fears  
 A Reform'd Worshipper no Terrors bears.  
 He owns Salvation ev'n in either Faith,  
 And therefore wants no *Molock's* fiery Breath,  
 No Scorpion Thongs to have his Subjects driven,  
 Whipt and Dragoon'd int' his own Road to Heav'n.

If Peace, Convenience, or the Popular Ease,  
 Nay, Motives, possibly, more light than these,  
 Without ev'n the least Shock of Right Divine,  
 (Thro' the wide World where's one unbroken Line)

So



So oft have set the nearest Veins aside:  
 Why should *BRITANNIA'S* Hands alone be ty'd;  
 She only that *Dispensing Pow'r* denied.  
 What tho' the *Sacred Writ* so warmly pleads  
 For the Obedience owing to *Crown'd-HEADS*;  
 Where points it thro' the whole Records Divine  
 To where, and on what Heads those Crowns shall shine?  
 Those Fabricks on more worldly Bases stand,  
 From Humane Ordinance, not Heav'n's Command.

Tis true, we think't in private Stations Hard  
 To be from an *Inheritance* debarr'd;  
 Yes hard, a *Father* shou'd a *Son* discard.  
 The loosest Prodigal, tho' not yet tam'd,  
 From his wild Youth may live to be reclaim'd.  
 If not, the Spendthrift that drives on so fast  
 To lay ev'n his whole Patrimony waste;  
 Who hurts he but himself? Pulls Ruin down  
 On his own Head, and his own Veins alone.

To bar the Birth-right of Imperial Heirs  
 Yet harder ----- such the mightier Sound it bears!  
 Yes, Sound indeed! So vast the difference lies  
 Twixt *private Sway*, and *Sovereign Exercise*,

On



On the high *Tress*, which a *Crown'd*  
 A National Felicity depends.  
*BRITAIN*, who long has made her  
 To Sovereign *Limits*, *Boundaries* of *Sw*  
 T' untune the Harmony of her high  
 Admits of no *eccentrick* Movements  
 Suppose an *Heir* then to her Kingdom  
 So far from possible her Throne t' ad  
 But *Nurst* and *Principled* her *Frame* t'  
 An *Heir*, where plighted *Faith* so fed  
 Ev'n *Coronation Oaths* but *Cobweb* Bar  
 Th' unhappy *Heir* thus Claiming, and  
 Who her whole *Constitution* shall conf  
 Hurts not *Himself*; not t' his own  
 But doals his Ruins round him to  
 All *Heavenly Merit* too; thinks He's  
 Best *Champion*, when he drives with  
 A Work too with no popular Hand  
 But with a *Passive Duty* aid and pro  
 A Duty by blind *Zeal* so madly str  
 Long our Religious *Boutefens* have Pr



display'd.

Crown'd HEAD attends, of  
Why should BRITANNIA  
her rightful Plea  
of Sway,  
For the high Sphere,  
Where points  
Kingdoms born,  
To where, mod,  
e'r adorn,  
From Her return:  
Tis weak stands  
web Bands;  
ing, and thus Crown'd,  
all confound,  
own Roof confin'd;  
m to Mankind:  
ks He's his God's  
s with Iron Rods;  
ur Hand must stop,  
and prop:  
madly stretch,  
have Preach'd.  
The



Rebells

The Heads so craz'd, and  
What vap'rous Fumes and  
Faith, Duty, Honour their  
To forge their Own, and  
Drunk with a Bowl of m  
Lo, a *Rebellious Band*  
And where but in *BRITAIN*  
From *Rome* and *Hell* this  
Here did the *Sovereign* *HE*  
Their Own, their King, and  
Of these his *WILLS* the *Lea*  
At once both *GEORGE* and  
Sent like Great *MICHAEL* fort  
With this Commission gr  
So Arm'd, so Fir'd, t' his  
His *WILLS* set forth. No  
More wing'd to bear the Ma  
Yes, well he saw his dear  
Of *Regal Bases* hers the most  
Her *Laws* not Bonds but Bra  
Of Duty ty'd by her own Po



d, long Sick of this Disease,  
and wild Deliriums seize!  
their whole Bonds all broke,  
and their doom'd Country's Yoke,  
of more then Circe's Charms,  
and late rose in Arms.

BRITANNIA's gloomy North  
this hideous Cloud broke forth!

HEAD his Champions rowze,  
and Country's Cause t' espouse.

the Leading HEROE flew,  
GE and HEAV'N's Avenger too,  
BL forth, to scourge th' Apostate Crew.

ission grac'd, so Spirited,  
t' his Race of GLORY led

No posting Seraph rode  
the Mandates of a GOD.

is dear BRITANNIA shine,

the most Divine:

but Bracelets, here the Bands

own Popular Hands;

E

Whilst



Whilst Sovereign POW'R, her Gordian Knots to twine,  
 Does her Twin SENATE-Mates of Empire joyn,  
 Shall this Foundation so precarious stand,  
 As to be shaken by a Rebel's Hand,  
 So servilely BRITANNIA taught t' obey,  
 Her Neck all bending to Tyrannick Sway;  
 In this mad Regent call'd o'er from Abroad,  
 Far, far from the Vicegerent of a GOD!  
 Harmonious does his Orb of GLORY move;  
 Th' Immortal SOVERAIGNTY all radiant Love,  
 Justice and Mercy mixt; no Tyrant rules Above.  
 Weigh then whole Kingdoms in the Scale so light?  
 Or Preservation Nature's Origin Right,  
 Claims she no Pow'r such Dangers to avoid;  
 But we must make our Court to be destroy'd!  
 No, with a GEORGE to Reign, and WILLS to Fight,  
 BRITANNIA now shall all serenely bright  
 Hold up her Head, her Loyal Veins too warm  
 To fear a Shock from a Rebellious Arm.  
 Near her Lancastrian Verge, a Soil well known  
 For the rank Seeds of Rome more thickly sown,

Lo,



Lo, here a motley Trait'rous host appears,  
 A Band of Caledonian Mountaineers,  
 Mixt with her own long rowling Ravagers.  
 Here Glorious *WILLS* at his Battalions Head,  
 Not numerous Thousands, no such Legions led,  
 But with a *SOUL* bright as his *CAUSE*, so far  
 The hunted *Foe*, with those long Strides of War,  
 And that wing'd Speed pursued, till with so stretch'd  
 An Arm at last his long-chac'd Game he reacht.  
 His *Sword* had here ev'n the least Work to do;  
 His very *Terrors* gave the Conq'ring Blow:  
 Whilst, Eagle-like, he made that dreadful Swoop  
 As pent the *Cravens* in their *PRESTON-Coop*.  
 Thus like old *Rome's* first *CÆSAR* from the Field,  
 He bore his [*Vidi, vici,*] on his Shield.  
 Oh *WILLS*, to chant thy *GLORIES* just Applause;  
 Thou brightest *Champion* of thy *Country's* Cause,  
 A Cause, in this one Conquest pusht so far,  
 As ev'n both to *begin* and *end* the War.  
 Look round at least her whole *South-British* Sphere,  
 The first *Eruption* of the *Flame* was here;

The



The first and last, here lighted, and here quench'd;  
 For, oh, no more with Rome's spread Poisons drench'd,  
 Our Frantick Heads the gath'ring Ball now rowl;  
 This single Stroke dash'd the whole Sovereigns Bowl.  
 This mortifying Shock that Influence bore:  
 The Dragon's Tail swept down the Stars no more.

Let prouder **HEROES** their heap'd Trophies pile,  
 Their Victories ev'n a whole Age's Toyl,  
 Heroes, who, their whole Hundred thousands led,  
 By flower Growth their planted Laurels spread.  
 Their Conquests tho' more loud, more mournful Themes,  
 So ghastly their long sanguinary Streams.  
 Happier the **WARRIOUR**, (he at least whose veins  
 Of Blood must flow from our own Native Veins,)  
 Whose sprightlier Rays those brighter Beams display,  
 Thus crown'd a compleat Conqueror in a Day.  
 Yes, by that Arm our whole South-Britain freed,  
 Down from her Sovereign **THAMES** to his Sister **TWEED**,  
 Saw bold **Rebellion** crush'd ev'n in the very Seed.  
 Such her Victorious **WILLS**, Alcides-like,  
 Did with that universal Terror strike,

As



As the disjointed *Hydra's* Neck so tore,  
That the least sprouting Head peep'd out no more.

Nor bound his GLORIES to her *Southern Sphere*;  
See Him beyond the *Tweed*, still Conq'ring there;  
Such his *diffusive Terrors* thro' each *Clan*

Of the whole *Caledonian Out-laws* ran,

That branded *Slave-born* Race, those Mountain Herds  
Of blind Devotes to their Commanding *Lairds*;

That, *here* their Hopes so sunk, a Chill so sad  
Pierc'd thro' the very *Target* and the *Plad*,

That with a Zeal more faint, less nerv'd their Arms,

Not their own dear *Ador'd*, with all his Charms,

That Visitant, their drooping Spirits warms.

What but *WILLS Preston* gave the Great *ARGYLE*

That Northern *HEROE* a more easy Toyl!

Hence their abandon'd *Perth*, hence the scar'd Crew

All run adrift; nay, and their Cause dropt too.

Did we not see their *Leading Fugitive*,

Posting as fast as Inborn Fear cou'd drive,

T' his *Gallick Nurse's* sheltering Wing trip back,

With all the hoisted Sails his Skiff cou'd make.



To *GEORGE's* Arms these link Successes given  
All but his *WILLS* continued Smiles of Heav'n.

Whilst thus ev'n thrown half naked on the Beach,  
He did his melancholy Haven reach,  
Here coldly wellcom'd, nay, perhaps, yet worse,  
Pursued by his deserted Vassals Curse,  
With wringing Hands he all aghast looks back  
To his lost *Cause's* universal Wrack.  
Whence but from *THEE* do those dark Sorrows flow;  
(T' our *WILLS* th' Original Pannick Fright they owe)  
All Dastardis'd by His first Leading Blow.  
In thy just Laurels then, Bright *WORTHY*, shine:  
Claim ev'n a Kingdom's Preservation, Thine.

Nay, and thy Monumental Fame to raise  
Yet higher still, thy Glorious Services  
Not only gave thy Country Peace and Rest,  
But ev'n thy very Enemies have blest:  
Stopt their wild Lunacy from pulling down,  
At once, both our Confusion and their own;  
From courted Ruin, their too dear Delight,  
Redeem'd and sav'd ev'n in their own Despight.

F I N I S.